

Press-Herald

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Congratulations, Sharon

Congratulations, Miss California. It was no surprise to her friends here when Torrance's Sharon Kay Terrill was named Miss California and won a place in the Miss America Pageant.

Her victory Saturday evening in Santa Cruz is a big step in a dream which Sharon has treasured much of her life—to be Miss America.

In September, the honey blonde will compete in Atlantic City with the fairest of each of the 50 states for the nation's most prized beauty title.

As Miss California, Sharon will be kept very busy between now and the September pageant in Atlantic City. We know she will enjoy the activity and will be a credit to Torrance and California.

And we know as well that the judges in September will have a tough time passing her by in the big contest.

First, Miss Torrance; now, Miss California; next, Miss America.

Buckle Up for Safety

The multi-billion-dollar life insurance business is a cogent example of the American's desire to protect his family.

Another kind of living insurance is available to most of us, an insurance just as vital to the American family—the automobile seat belt.

The gruesome monotony of fatality records each holiday weekend may be averted on the upcoming Independence Day celebration if more drivers and their passengers will take a moment to buckle up their seat belts before traveling anywhere in an automobile.

Important studies have shown that chances of suffering serious injury or death in an auto accident can be cut by nearly 50 per cent by proper use of a seat belt.

More and more of our cars are equipped with seat belts, but a smaller percentage of the motorists are taking advantage of this easily available safety device.

The bloody record of Memorial Day with its 628 deaths in traffic should be enough to convince us that seat belts should be used.

Between now and next week's Independence Day holiday, check out the seat belt situation in your family vehicle, practice getting in and out of the belts when motoring, and then use them. It could save your life.

Opinions of Others

Property rights are not too popular at the moment. They seem to have been set aside in favor of the euphemistic 'human rights.' Lost in the sound and fury is the sobering truth that so-called human rights are worthless without corresponding property rights. Western society has long held that a man is entitled to the produce of his labor. This labor, whether it be manual or mental, is of value only when exchanged for some material thing, i.e., some property. Property is nothing less than an extension of a person's being.—*Livingston (N.M.) Leader.*

Government spending far beyond income has intensified inflation and placed the American consumer in a staggering price squeeze. In fact the red ink on government ledgers is so tremendous that it is past ordinary comprehension. . . . For instance . . . the government in the past six years has spent \$60 billion more than its income from the taxpayers. This averages about \$50 million a day or \$100,000 a minute, every minute, eight hours a day, 40 hours a week. . . . Not being experts in the realm of finance, we can only exhort those who ARE to do something to return this nation to a sane fiscal policy.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

A Letter . . . To My Son

By Tom Rische
High School Teacher and Youth Worker

Dear Bruce,

One of the charges that some make against the modern world is that it's too "plastic" or artificial.

It's true, at least to a certain extent, I support. At vacation time, it's harder to get away from hot dog and Burma Shave signs which are planted wherever people go. Many hike miles into the wilderness, only to find others who have done the same thing.

European tourists return with snapshots of natives in quaint costumes, but probably they were put on for the visitors' benefit. Dutchmen don't wear wooden shoes any more, nor do the Swiss run around in short leather pants, yodelling all the while. Most Europeans dress like most Americans; the natives go somewhere else.

A couple of years ago, your mother and I went to a place we thought was pretty "unplastic"—Guatemala. It still has natives in real native

costumes, who march miles up and down steep mountains to get to market.

We could tell that civilization was making inroads, as the colorful native hand-woven shawls were gradually being replaced by wash-and-wear denims, which are cheaper, more practical, and don't take a month or so to weave. Electricity was beginning to make its appearance in remote areas, although many of the people still live pretty much as their ancestors did.

Another spot that I'd like to go — and will some day — is the greatest of all zoos — Africa. For years, I've wanted to go on a safari — the photo variety, not the shooting. I suspect that the lions, elephants, gazelles, and zebras too will be giving way to civilization before too long. (Recently, one East African country ordered its native tribesmen to replace their loincloths with pants when they came to town.)

What price civilization?
YOUR DAD

For Him to Refuse Military Service

THAT'S LIKE ME REFUSING TO TRY OUT FOR THE GREEN BAY PACKERS!



Multi-light Systems, Inc.

RES MANNING

HERB CAEN SAYS:

Publisher Reads Between Lines: News Ace Sacked

The news from Alaska: Fairbanks' best known newspaper columnist has been fired for running a code in his column. The publisher, intrigued by a seemingly nonsensical paragraph in his star's space, discovered that every fifth word formed a message to certain readers about the time and place of a marijuana party (migawd, even THERE?). . . . There are no messages, secret or otherwise, in this column, but I must tell you that I just broke the "n" on my ancient Royal. You thought it would be the "i," didn't you . . . State news on a fresh typewriter: Paul Jacobs, the Peace & Freedom party candidate for Senator, received two votes in his Pacific Heights precinct. One was his own and he believes the other was his wife's but he's afraid to ask. . . . Movie director Michelangelo Antonioni has been browsing about the S.F. State campus, looking for "interesting unknown types" for his next movie (about the U.S. radical scene), and if there's one thing S.F. State has a surplus of, it's "i.u.t.s."

"Are you a Caucasian, sir?" Indignant reply: "Hell no, I was born right here in this country."

Bodkins' odds: Tennessee Williams paid his own way to see the American Conservatory Theater's version of his "Streetcar Named Desire" the other night, but enjoyed it hugely nonetheless. He has been holed up at the Fairmont, working on a new play that is not titled

Report From Our Man In San Francisco

"A Cable Car Named Conspicuousness." . . . The Oakland Chamber of Commerce is now running ads in the nat'l mags that feature a photo of exotic Lake Merritt under the caption "Why San Franciscans Leave Home." And all this time you thought those were just plain commuters jamming the Bay Bridge? . . . Why, just yesterday in Union Square, I saw a hippie pluck a rhododendron blossom and eat it, right down to the stem (the best part). Tie THAT, Oakland.

Barrel's bottom: Tourist poking head into Sausalito's No Name Bar: "You have live entertainment here?" owner Neil O. Davis, looking up from his perennial chess game: "Only each other." . . . Comedian Ronnie Schell at Harrah's Reno, talking about his home town of Richmond, Calif.: "It's so small it's only there three days a week. In fact, it's so small the head of the Mafia is Polish." And so on. . . . Filler from UPI in a San Francisco Peninsula paper: "A robin just hatched eats 14 feet of earth worms every day."

Have a nice breakfast? The Establishment haters have a problem I doubt they are even aware of, which is identifying The Establishment. Even we who are supposed to be a part of it — or, even worse, its dupes

Morning Report:

Our hard-working Supreme Court justices must keep one eye on the Constitution but the other on where the action is. That's why they ruled the other day that it's perfectly OK for policemen to frisk a citizen on Main Street to see if he is packing a rod.

Recently the court has been taking its lumps for protecting the citizen after he is arrested. After an arrest, however, the law can afford to move slowly. But before an arrest, an officer needs the assurance that he won't be shot.

It's quite a shock for a law-abiding citizen to be frisked. I know. But it's nothing compared to the shock of being fired at. And there are millions of guns loose in the land.

Abe Mellinkoff

SACRAMENTO SCENE

Supervisors Seek Federal Help in Welfare Finances

By HENRY C. MacARTHUR
Capital News Service

The county supervisors association of California needs to be commended for at least making a timely attempt to save the property taxpayers throughout the state a good many millions of dollars because of an added tax burden that hasn't become apparent as yet, but will, in the future, compound the growing demand for more of the earned dollars to be distributed via the "hand-out" route to non-producers.

Wm. R. MacDaugall, general manager of the association, headed a delegation of 25 supervisors to the nation's capitol to request emergency legislation to provide full federal financing of public assistance payments made to welfare recipients who do not meet California's residency requirements.

The delegation found some members of the California congressional delegation receptive to the request, and a steering committee is being named of senior members to examine every possible way to help achieve passage of the legislation, which will be introduced within a short time.

The actual bill, MacDaugall said, is being prepared

by Congressman Harold T. "Bizz" Johnson, D-Roseville, and Cecil R. King, D-Inglewood. However, MacDaugall said most members of the California delegations will be co-sponsors.

The supervisors' demand for the legislation comes about because of the peculiar situation of California with regard to incoming population. Thousands of people flock to the state every

Review of Major News On the Sacramento Scene

day, and many of them land here ready to go on the relief rolls.

In the past, the state has been able to absorb this population because of the laws requiring certain residence lengths in California before a recipient is eligible for aid.

However, federal courts have upset this convenient circumvention of immediate free money payments. Courts in some five states have declared the requirements unconstitutional, and in effect, have ordered those states to start the hand-outs immediately on application.

The courts infringed on the rights of the people of any state to govern their own methods of taking care of those who enter their

borders with the idea of living well and comfortably off the residents who work for a living.

The residency laws, it was held, are unconstitutional because they contravene the "equal protection of the law" guarantee of the constitution, and also, because they "unduly restrict the freedom of Americans to travel at will throughout the United States."

The days when reason governed court decisions, and the interests of working citizens and taxpayers were taken into consideration, a holding that people could travel freely about the nation at government expense, would have been unthinkable.

But in these times of court decisions delegated to the purpose of taking away as much of the working man's capital as possible, such action is not only thinkable, but apparently the law of the land.

The legislation asked by the supervisors is a long way from correcting the basic evils apparent in the situation, but at least, if ever adopted, it might assist the local taxpayer by shunting the load for welfare traveling to all, instead of only a small portion of the people.

ROYCE BRIER

First Televised War Is Revolting to Americans

In the Middle Ages, wars were fought by serfs, whose lives were so miserable and uncertain that war was not much worse than peace. In the dynastic wars following, fighting fell on professionals, the people outside the paths of armies seldom felt them.

War has always been an incredibly dirty pursuit, but in the Civil War few people had visual evidence of it. The famous Mathew Brady pictures — like the dead carpeting a pasture at Antietam — were not circulated during the war. Techniques did not exist to give them newspaper circulation.

In this country, the people at home began to see moving pictures of combat, but only in theaters. Pictures for general distribution were carefully censored to eliminate the excessively gruesome. Even the Korean War

did not have matured television coverage.

But the television people have really moved into Vietnam. They go everywhere in great force, filling the daylight hours with kaleidoscopic action. The television news media, limited to a couple of hours daily, can only skim the surface, but that is enough.

This consideration begets

Opinions on Affairs of the World

a theory here: you need not accept its substance, but it may be worth arguing. It is this:

No little part of the mounting popular revulsion, which confronts the Johnson war leadership, the youthful protest and the adult exorcism, is due to the reality all of the American people are now seeing in Vietnam.

It may have started slowly two years ago with one extraordinary picture: the American soldier applying his cigarette lighter to the thatched roof of a hut, from which children and women carrying babies were fleeing. It was soon impossible to censor scenes with comparable impact without closing down the whole television system at the front.

In January, just before and during the Tet offensive, television coverage of the war took a sharp upturn. The action was there, and the boys hopped. What did they film?

First, they filmed great bursts of napalm fire on jungle cover and even hamlets presumably harboring Viet Cong only — and you doubt it. We made similar attacks in the 1940s to drive Japanese from island caves, but you didn't see them.)

In many pictures, huts were in conflagration, and terrorized refugees gorged the roads. During Tet and savage fighting for position, larger towns showed up as if hit by the worst Mideast earthquake and fire for 50 years.

You haven't seen men actually torn to pieces by mines or shells, but you've seen the helpless wounded hustled to rescuing helicopters, and these were our boys. You've seen men wallowing in invincible mud and invincible dust, men staggering in a man-made hell. You've seen planes burning from mortar hits, wrecked batteries still vainly firing. The cumulative effect is one of degradation, of human being you once knew or loved, dehumanized.

How can the repetitive, monotonous torpor of Secretary Rusk prevail against such a stunning spectacle? It hasn't, and it can't.

Quote

Good, practical politics have led us to the brink of Jettisoning the torpor of Secretary Rusk — Assembly Speaker Jesse M. Unruh.

The more complex our California society becomes, the more dependent we must be on home rule, not state rule. Home rule is a basic concept of our form of government.—State Sen. H. L. Richardson, Arcadia.

WILLIAM HOGAN

This Matter of a Knife Near the Nation's Aorta

"Man was born into barbarism," Martin Luther King Jr. once wrote, "when killing his fellow man was a normal condition of existence. He became endowed with a conscience. And he has now reached the day when violence toward another human being must become as abhorrent as eating another's flesh." Dr. King wrote that in "Why We Can't Wait" (1964), a Signet paperback edition of which I was thumbing through the other day when all other printed matter, old or new, seemed superfluous.

This disquieting conscience of white America, this most nonviolent of men, seemed always to have faced the threshold of violence. Now that the eulogies, the editorials the public and personal gestures have long since been delivered and made (a little late), the knife of violence seems too close to the Nation's aorta.

In "Why We Can't Wait" Dr. King recalled that some years ago he sat in a Harlem department store, surrounded by hundreds of people. He was autographing copies of "Stride Toward Freedom," his earlier book

about the Montgomery bus boycott of 1955-56.

"As I signed my name to a page," he wrote, "I felt something sharp plunge forcefully into my chest. I had been stabbed with a letter opener, struck home by a woman who would later be judged insane.

"Rushed by ambulance to Harlem Hospital, I lay in bed for hours while preparations were made to remove

Browsing Through the World of Books

the keen-edged knife from my body. Days later, when I was well enough to talk with Dr. Aubrey Maynard, chief of the surgeons who performed the delicate, dangerous operation, I learned the reason for the long delay that preceded surgery. He told me that the razor tip of the instrument had been touching my aorta and my whole chest had to be opened to extract it.

"If you had sneezed during all those hours of waiting," Dr. Maynard said, "your aorta would have been punctured and you would

have drowned in your own blood."

With the knife of violence so close to the main life-pumping artery of all of us, will we get a second chance (or a second thousandth chance)? "Sooner or later," King wrote at the conclusion of "Why We Can't Wait," "all the peoples of the world, without regard to the political systems under which they live, will have to discover a way to live together in peace. . . . Non-violence, the answer to the Negroes' need, may become the answer to the most desperate need of all humanity."

"The Long March," William Stryon's remarkable short novel of 1953, is reissued in a new hardbound edition by Random House. The story of a forced march in a Marine training camp in the Carolinas (\$3.95).

"The Limits of Power," by Senator Eugene J. McCarthy, is reissued as a Dell paperback (75 cents). A new introduction in which the Senator specifies objections to the Vietnam war. The book appeared originally last year from Holt.